



TRANSLATION / KUMAR SIVASUBRAMANIAN LETTERING / STEVE DUTRO

HIROKI ENDO

CONTENTS

		83					225 1
CH	AP	TE	R 19	/WEY	RE NE	VER	WRO
210	"	130		13	STITLE OF	P-LINE	

HAPTER 21 (TI	RULY FILTHY THINGS
WALLER ZIVI	TOLI FILITI INIVOS
HAPTER 22/JL	JST THE TWO OF US
HAPTER 23/C	1

- Children	Al V	100 house	881
APTER 2	4 / NEVER ENOUGH	100000000000000000000000000000000000000	169
25. Z.	104	- /	7
NIIS ST	DV / EIG TREES	1 1	204

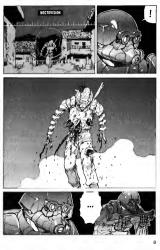


































































































































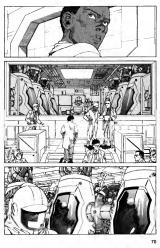


Chapter 21 / Truly Filthy Things

201























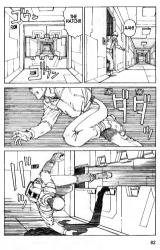




















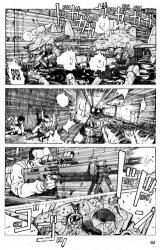








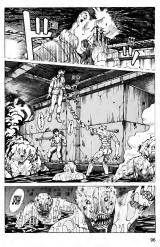


























































































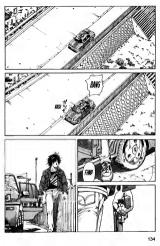






















































































Chapter 23 / End











































































Chapter 24 / End















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AFTERWORD

I think I was in junior high school when I realized that I had been growing up in a so-called middle-class home

For elementary and junior high, I had gone to public schools, where I encountered all tyres of pappia. In alemantary school, everyone got along pretty wall and played together, but when I got to junior bigh even individual classes became divided into something like factions or tobes. In my case, I would be drawing pictures in class and the rough kids would snatch my skatchbooks away and draw dicks or whatever also they wanted all over them. And I would get kicked around in the ballways, saying "Quit till and "Stop of" while pretending to laugh it off, I was whet you'd call "one of the bulled." Of course, there were other kids that not builted far worse then me. but at the time I wondered if I wasn't doing cornellying myself to cause this barassment Looking back on it now, I don't bear any

a house. Loudeful make it our very clearly, built is sounded like like mother was observing at the stather for dresking all effection and not getting job. Something wite that. The armid of frying like come writing out brough the oil-standed veretistion fan. In that is testur. I best my with to sight and was struck by an old starned of griff I burn del record and strudged on home. The nast day, nothing hat changed, he keep for bublying me, and I would say 'Quit III' and 'Stop it!' while pretending to laught to the "

This ien't a perticularly good or bad memory for me or anything. It's just a sad story. But to this day, for some reason I can't explain, avery once in e white, the small of the frying felt from that day comes drifting up in my memorias.

-Hiroki Endo January 2001

grudges . . , but back then I truly haised them. There was one particularly obstants kid among the bulles who always best on me life lives his seven among. Notwall, ly used to lives to ensue 111 lists kit back to him one day," until filesily! I cohed up his address in the class register and want to his house to ambive him.

Whet I found there was actually what used to be old termor houses taken over by the government's possing opporation. Now after row of two-story aperiments made of bars, yellowing concrets. There was nothing approaching atfluence here by any standards. These days, it's what we'd call a "ghetto."

it was evening, end as I hid in the shadows of a washing machine, wating for my target to get home from his extracurricular activities, I could hear angry shouting coming from inside the



Hiroki Endo

With the world realing from the affected of a devertating pandemic, entitled on a few restating pandemic, on/azakon is ten between the lates and ways of the collection of the

Graphic, cyberpunk, and philosophical, Eden is e place where endearing heroes face a constant struggle for survival and violent surprises walt amund every cornect.

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